

## hornylovesickness

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31140305) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31140305>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a> , <a href="#">Multi</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Smut</a> , <a href="#">Vibrators</a> , <a href="#">Semi-Public Sex</a> , <a href="#">Power Dynamics</a> , <a href="#">Power Play</a> , <a href="#">Dom/sub</a> , <a href="#">Dirty Talk</a> , <a href="#">Bratting</a> , <a href="#">Safeword Use</a> , <a href="#">Anal Fingering</a> , <a href="#">Anal Sex</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">MCYT</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-07 Words: 8816

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by [selvish](#)

### Summary

“George, what was it again you said you’d do for us? When you let us down again?”

“Full reins.” George says, putting his face in his hands. “I said we could do whatever you two want.” From the sound of their voices, they know exactly what they’re going to make him do. And he’s probably gonna hate it.

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George is a dominant top, at least he's pretty sure he is.

### Notes

i listened to the new girl in red album while writing this. it doesn't have anything to do with this fic besides the title, but its still a cool album :D

shoutouts to iggy (fourwings on ao3), freddie (quinqangularist on ao3), and hayley (ahwuum on ao3) for being so supportive of this fic and helping me figure out how the hell to write bratting. they're all incredible, and deserve all of your kudos :)

remember to ship privately. do not send to ccs or mention in donos

enjoy <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Oh, *George*...” Rings through the house, and just the sound of the smug satisfaction in the two words makes George rip his headphones off and turn to face the door. He does *not* like the sound of that tone. That means Dream’s won something, which is never a good sign.

“I’m editing, what do you need?” George asks as Dream appears in the doorway. He looks incredibly proud of himself, far too proud for midnight on a Tuesday.

“Actually, George, you are *not* editing. Nice try though.” Dream says with a laugh, leaning against the doorway and eyeing the shorter man. Sapnap comes up from behind him, and stares George down with his arms crossed over his chest. For maybe half a second, George feels intimidated.

“What are you talking about? I told you I’d be editing all night. What do you want?” George barely keeps from stuttering, guilt poking at his stomach as he lies.

He was *supposed* to be editing something today, but because of his impulse to procrastinate, he actually... Forgot exactly which thing he was supposed to be working on. He blames it on Dream having too many running projects at once, and the plan was to figure it out tomorrow and do it over the weekend. No harm, no foul, right?

Apparently there was a little harm, and he was about to experience a heavy foul.

“*You*, George Davidson,” George makes a face at Dream using his full name, and makes a note in his head to beat the attitude out of him the next time he’s got the blonde undressed. Dream continues, “*Swore* that you would edit Sapnap’s next video. Not only that, but that you would have it in our Dropbox by 12 o’clock tonight. Sapnap, what time is it?”

*Sapnap*. George forgot which video it was because it was fucking *Sapnap’s* video, and not his. He definitely did promise that he would do that, and was so incredibly confident that he could power through his procrastinating habits to get it done that he told them he would-

“It is 12:04am, Dream, that means Georgie is officially late.” Sapnap says, checking his watch with as much dramatic flair as possible. George makes a mental note to beat him too.

“That is just fascinating, Sap, and tell me... What exactly did George say he would do if he let this deadline slip past? Because if I recall correctly, this is the *third* time he’s been late to edit a video this month.”

George groans, ragdolling in his chair and trying to drown out the sound of his boyfriends laughing at him.

“You know what, Dream, I can’t exactly remember what he said he’d do.” Sapnap turns to George, who’s slowly inching towards being on the floor. “George, what was it again you said you’d do for us? When you let us down again?”

“Full reins.” George says, putting his face in his hands. “I said we could do whatever you two want.” From the sound of their voices, they know exactly what they’re going to make him do. And he’s probably gonna hate it.

Sapnap and Dream giggle together like schoolgirls, and inch into George’s room. The oldest is officially on the floor, sprawled out and glaring at the ceiling as if it’s not completely his own stubborn fault that he’s in this situation.

Looking up at his boyfriends as they stand above him, George attempts at pouting, trying to look like he’s sorry. Dream scoffs, and Sapnap just pokes his cheek with a socked foot. George pretends to bite it, his eyes shifting to a glare.

He sits up, and grabs Sapnap’s hand to play with his fingers.

“So what? You want me to suck you off or something? Treat you like a princess?” It’s a fruitless attempt at a more palatable punishment. George *knows* he’s gonna be way more fucked than that. It was a good call to try and shmooze up to Sapnap instead of Dream, though, because the youngest lights up a little at the idea.

“No way, George, you’re not getting off that easy.” Dream speaks up from behind him, and George rolls his eyes. Sapnap laughs at it, but he steels his shoulders a little more and pulls his hand away from George’s grip to place it on the oldest’s head, scratching lightly. George looks unamused. “We have a plan. You’re going out with us tomorrow night.”

“Out?!” George asks, whipping his head around to stare up at Dream with wild eyes. “What do you mean ‘out’?”

Sapnap presses a little harder at George's head, just enough to make his neck strain to keep it up.

"We're gonna take you out, Georgie, it's been ages since we had a nice dinner together. Our reservation is at 6, so we'll see you tomorrow."

George's eyebrows are practically at his hairline, and he looks between the taller two as the hand is removed from his head. He's sitting on his knees, and very confused.

"You're... Taking me out to dinner? As punishment?" He asks for clarity.

"I guess you'll have to find out if that's all it is." Dream says, smirking with his head tilted to the side. He takes Sapnap's arm and leads him out of George's room. With his hand on the door to close it, he says in a stage whisper, "Get some sleep, you're gonna need it."

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That is not all it is. In fact, what George considers the most important part of their plan, is not discovered by him until almost 4pm the next day. For those playing along at home, that's less than two hours before they have to leave for the restaurant.

"You're being annoying." Dream says, looking at George from where he's sitting on the couch. George is lying on his back next to him, the top of his head pressed into the blonde's thigh.

He slept through most of the morning, and at about 1:30pm finally got out of bed and sulked around the apartment. Sapnap was in his room, doing some finishing edits on the video George had neglected, and Dream was tidying around the common space. George trailed after him, blanket around his shoulders, silently watching him pick things up and put them down with vague interest.

Inside his head, he was debating exactly what he should do. Dream refused to tell him what the plan was for the evening, and he only gave up asking when the younger man slammed his fist down on the kitchen table in frustration at his questions. He reasoned that getting the person in charge of him angry was not a good idea, so he switched to silently shadowing Dream until he sat down on the couch.

Dream is watching the sports channel and running his hands through George's hair while the oldest stares at him. When he's told he's annoying, something he's well aware of, he pinches his mouth together and furrows his eyebrows.

"You always think I'm annoying." George argues, butting his head against Dream's leg. His hair is pulled a little in retaliation. "*Hey.*"

"You know, for someone who's so confident at being a dominant top, you're being a real brat right now." Dream says, not looking away from the TV screen.

George blushes a little, despite himself. He's not stupid, he knows how he's acting, but he can't help it. The idea of his boyfriends having control over him for once is messing with his brain.

They've been pretty regular in their roles. George was the oldest and most experienced, so when they started having sex, he naturally took control. Dream slipped into subspace as easy as breathing, so he usually sank into that when a scene started. Sapnap was a bit of a wild card, but he was eager to please, and normally just did what he was asked to do: top, bottom, whatever they were feeling to spice it up. Every once in a while he'd get a little fighty, so George and Dream would smack him around a little. It was a well-balanced act, no need to rock the boat because the boat didn't rock.

Last night, however, George started *thinking*. He can barely remember the last time he bottomed for real, it was back in uni when he was hooking up with an older guy, a friend of a friend. It had been a one-time fling, no strings attached, and the guy had the confidence and control to make George into a goddamn *mess*. The memories are a little hazy, but he remembers how deeply he fell into it. He remembers how much he *loved* it.

Dream and Sapnap had never challenged his authority, there was no reason for him to think they would be interested in domming or topping him, so he never asked. Something in the way the two of them looked down at him last night, though...

He had gotten into bed pretty soon after they left his room, feeling a little itchy and small. His head spun with possibilities. Would they take control? Would they just tease him and expect him to take care of them afterwards? Could he let himself slip completely for them?

There's another tug at his hair, and George smacks at Dream's hand as he focuses back on the current moment. The blonde is looking down at him instead of the TV, amusement and something a little dark in his eyes. George is still blushing, but he rolls his eyes anyway.

“What?”

“Your pupils dilated like twice their normal size, and your eyes got all glassy.” Dream says, his hand resuming the soft pets. “You’re a brat when you bottom, aren’t you?”

That word again, brat, it makes something turn in his stomach. The guy from uni had called him that while he fucked him, alongside a handful of horrible words that make George’s skin crawl in the best way.

“Fuck off, you know I never bottom.” George says, trying to clear the fog that wants to fill his head. Dream looks like he wants to say something, but Sapnap has just come out of his room, and is leaning over the couch to look at George.

“Are you being a bitch?” He asks playfully, reaching down to touch George’s hair before being smacked away as well.

“I’m not a bitch. Why are you guys ganging up on me all of a sudden?” George counters, sinking into the couch cushions and crossing his arms.

“Because you’re being a bitch. You’re making it easy, for some reason.” Dream says thoughtfully, looking back up at the TV like he’s only half-interested in the conversation. It makes George kind of mad, but he keeps it to himself. At least Sapnap is still looking at him.

“For some reason...” The youngest echoes, biting his bottom lip when George looks up at him.

George stares him down, squinting to showcase how annoyed he is at the behaviour. Sapnap doesn’t seem phased, which is both worrying and abnormal. Today is definitely weird, and George wonders if their brains got switched around last night while they slept.

“Are we really going out to dinner?” George asks Sapnap, since Dream has decided he wants to be an asshole.

“Yeah, that’s why I came out actually. We should start getting ready if we have to be at the restaurant at 6.” Sapnap replies, beckoning George to get up from where he’s laying down. George

gets up slowly, looking between Dream and Sapnap suspiciously.

Dream continues watching TV, the only sign he's listening is his mouth slightly upturned in a self-satisfied grin. Looking back to Sapnap, George is beckoned again.

"Just us?" George asks, switching his eyes from Dream to Sapnap. Dream is still smiling, just looking at the TV like he's in love with the news anchor.

"Just us." Sapnap replies, and heads into his room. It makes butterflies stir in George's stomach, because there are signs pointing in a direction he's not sure he's ready for.

As previously stated, Sapnap is very switchy. This is worrying for George, because if he's being pulled into the shorter man's room alone, while in a headspace that one could possibly describe as sub-leaning, not that George is sub-leaning, it's a little bit of a recipe for disaster. At least from his perspective. He follows anyway, and when he gets in the room, he shuts the door behind him and stands up a little straighter to emphasize the whopping one inch of height he has over Sapnap.

Sapnap is fiddling with something in plastic on his desk, not looking at George.

"Where do you want me?" George asks, feigning a casual air.

"Get on the bed." Sapnap replies, ripping open the packaging with a loud *snap!* that makes George jump a little. He's glad the youngest isn't looking at him, because that would be embarrassing. The tone irritates him, and he feels himself pull a face.

"Excuse me?"

Sapnap still doesn't turn around, just reaches over to some batteries he has sitting on his desk and puts them in whatever he's holding. "I said get on the bed." This sucks.

"Since when do you talk to me like that?" George tries, even though he's stepping more into the room, getting closer to the bed.

The sound of plastic slamming into wood hits George like a smack, and Sapnap turns his head to

level George with a stare that's almost cold.

"Since you made me edit the fucking video that was *your* responsibility three times in one month. Now get on the bed, George."

George swallows, nods, and sits on the bed.

A couple clicking noises come from the desk, and George watches Sapnap's hands move around a small device and a remote. When the buzzing starts, George understands what's going to happen.

"*No.*" He says, eyes wide and shoulders pulling up to his ears. Sapnap turns it off and turns to look at George, his face serious.

"Is that a red, yellow, or green 'no'?"

"It's..." George slows down, takes a deep breath and thinks about his answer. He feels beads of sweat forming at his temple and the back of his neck. That itchy feeling from last night comes back. The guy from uni fucking into him *so good* and moaning into his ear what a little *brat* he is. "It's green."

"Good boy," Sapnap says, mostly joking. George rolls his eyes, and leans back on his hands on the bed while he waits for the other to cross the room and stand in front of him. They look at each other, tension crackling in the air as they assess who's in charge. When George looks away from where their stares are locked, Sapnap breathes out through his nose and smirks.

Sapnap puts the toy and remote on the bed, and George stares at it with his bottom lip being chewed between his teeth. It's baby blue, not too big, and rather unassuming. He knows his boyfriends, though, that they wouldn't buy something like that unless it packed a punch. A shiver crawls up his spine, wants to be felt, but he holds himself together.

"Hey," Sapnap says quietly until George looks up at him. He tilts his head up and looks at him in the soft way only he can manage. Somehow Sapnap is able to love George openly, without the older man feeling suffocated. Sapnap's care for him is so gentle and easy it makes George buckle, just a hair before too much.

A hand is pressed to his rough, stubbly cheek, and George leans into it, looking up at Sapnap with



big eyes. Sapnap looks surprised, and so George ruins it by turning his head and biting at the meat of his palm. “There you are.” He says gently, pushing pressure into George’s face.

“Don’t you have something to do?” George asks, regaining his cocky air. It makes Sapnap squint a little in response, like he’s reading right through him. George’s skin turns translucent, all of his secrets bared for the younger man, and for half a second he wonders why they’ve never done this before.

“Are you gonna take it? Or do I have to make you?” Sapnap responds, making George roll his eyes. He knows it’s fruitless, that he’d do anything for Sapnap, but the fight is just too fun.

“You couldn’t make me do shit.”

The hand on his face moves down to his neck, and suddenly George is pushed flat on his back. Soft sheets comfort his now flushed skin, and he pushes against the grip to try and sit back up. His eyes are wide and he’s blushing, but his hands grab at Sapnap’s wrist as he tries to get the younger man off. There’s no way he can beat out Sapnap’s strength, and he knows this.

“I can make you do whatever the fuck I want,” Sapnap grits out, getting his face in close to George’s. His eyes are dark, focussed in a way that’s more intimidating than his hand on George’s throat. “I know you just wanna please me, deep down, so quit acting like a bitch.”

Fingernails dig into Sapnap’s wrist, and despite the way the younger’s words make George’s eyes want to roll back into his head, he tries to growl back. What comes out is something closer to a whimper, and Sapnap’s grin is *wicked*. “You don’t know shit,” chases the sound. It’s an attempt to get some pride back. Sapnap doesn’t fall for it, why would he?

“Oh, George,” He continues, flexing his grip to make George’s breath stutter. “I admire how hard you’re trying, but it’s starting to get pathetic.” George struggles again, shifting on the bed to try and use his body weight to get the other off of him.

“Fuck you,” George spits, bucking his hips fruitlessly as he keeps pulling at Sapnap’s arm. Every shift of his body pushes the hand tighter on his neck, and his brain fog from everything increases tenfold from lack of oxygen.

“No, baby,” Sapnap coos, finally lifting his hold. He cups George’s face again, watching as the older man pulls his head away and glares at the pet name. “I get to fuck *you* tonight. And I’m

going to *love* it.”

George swallows, feeling a phantom pressure lingering on his throat. He looks at Sapnap almost scared, but there’s a heat in his stomach that can’t be ignored. Sapnap watches him like a hunter seeking prey, touching over his neck and shoulders with big hands that make George feel small. It makes his eyes slip shut, and just for a second he gives in to being pet.

“See? You can be good for me...” Sapnap says gently, and pulls George’s hand to his lips to press a kiss on his knuckles, “Now are you going to keep being good and let me prep you for dinner?”

The soft way Sapnap is speaking makes George a little dizzy, and he nods despite himself. When the younger man takes his hands away from him, he blinks and shakes his head to come back into himself. He looks at Sapnap, who has the tiniest spark of wonder in his eyes, like he can’t believe he’s gotten George under him like this. George clears his throat.

“Yeah.” He says plainly, blushing again when his voice wavers on the singular syllable. Sitting up, he looks behind Sapnap’s head at one of the posters on the wall. He’s still dizzy.

“George,” Sapnap prods, his head moving so George has to look him in the eye. “Can you look at me, please?”

Sapnap reaches up to touch his face again, and that makes George snap out of it. He shakes his head and pushes Sapnap’s hand away. “I’m fine.” Sapnap is smiling at him knowingly. “Stop looking at me like. Do you need me on my hands and knees or what?”

With an eyebrow raise, Sapnap nods.

“Hands and knees, Georgie.”

Scoffing at the nickname, George stands and holds his arms out, looking at Sapnap expectantly. Sapnap chuckles, and pulls the taller man’s shirt off. Once that’s gone, he presses a kiss to his collarbones as he starts to unfasten his pants with quick fingers. He tugs them down by the waist, and George steps out of them.

More kisses are pressed to George’s pale skin, Sapnap occasionally using his teeth to make George’s breath catch. His head falls back, exposing his neck, and Sapnap quickly goes after it.

Breathing against the now moist skin, Sapnap leaves a single mark right at the junction of George's jaw and his neck.

"Do you have any idea," Sapnap whispers, "how fucking *delicious* you look underneath me?"

George's Adam's apple bobs as he swallows again, he tries to duck his head but Sapnap holds him up with a sturdy hand.

"You don't have to flatter me. You're gonna fuck me regardless."

"I'm not flattering you, I'm speaking the truth." Sapnap continues, going back down to his collarbones and nipping the thin skin at random spots. George's breath comes faster, and he tries to cover it up with an annoyed groan. "I've thought about this, you know? When you're being mean to me, degrading me, I wanted to fight back and put you in your place so bad..."

"And what's my place?" George tries to say it in a way that sounds challenging, but it comes out genuinely curious.

"*Ruined* in my hands. A crying, shaking *mess* just for me to take from."

George pulls at Sapnap's hair hard, enough to punch a breath out of him. He yanks the other's head so their eyes meet. Both of them are heavy lidded and panting lightly.

"You're gonna have to try harder than this, then."

Sapnap pulls against the grip, his eyelids fluttering at the pain that trails down his spine. He smiles loopily at George, showing off how good the pleasure hits while he stays in control, it just makes George angrier. Giving up, George releases him and crawls onto the bed, posed on his hands and knees as asked. If one were to look closely, they'd see him trembling slightly in anticipation.

A smack lands on his ass, and it stings even though his boxers are still on. George whips his head around to glare at Sapnap again, his mouth open slightly in a snarl.

"Quit it." He says childishly, making Sapnap chuckle as he rubs his big palm into the sore flesh.

“Have I ever told you what a good ass you have?” Sapnap replies, ignoring George completely. The older man turns back forward so Sapnap can’t see him blushing. It takes all of George’s concentration not to lean back into the way Sapnap is kneading his ass.

His boxers are slipped down to his knees, and Sapnap continues to massage his ass cheeks. A small groan slips from George’s lips, getting a little high in pitch at the end when fingernails join the touches. He feels his head dropping, and he fights to keep good posture.

“It’s pretty impressive I’ve been able to hold back this long, honestly.” Sapnap continues, moving one cheek to the side to watch the way George’s hole twitches. “Perfect for fucking. I bet you’re tight as hell, too.”

George can’t hold back the moan he lets out at *that* statement. He gives in tenfold when he leans back, just putting himself more on display. Gathering up his strength, he’s barely able to grit out: “A lot of talk for someone who can’t even get his fingers in me before I get bored.”

Another smack, this one even harder. It’s accompanied by a dry finger dipping into his hole. George chokes, grabbing his own hair with sweaty hands.

“You want my fingers, Georgie? Just like this? I knew you were a slut, but taking me dry is a pretty bold move.”

“I’m not a slut.” George argues, pulling at the strands between his fingers and hissing in frustration. Thankfully, his suffering isn’t drawn out any longer, as he can hear Sapnap uncapping lube and spreading it on his fingers.

“You sure look like a slut, pulling your own hair and keeping your legs spread for me.” Sapnap says casually. “I bet if I wasn’t here you’d already be three fingers deep in yourself, crying out for my cock like the whore you are.”

One of Sapnap’s fingers, the middle digit, the thickest one, breaches George’s entrance, and the older man doesn’t say anything at all. His mouth hangs open and he takes it.

“Hmm, just like I thought.” The finger goes in deeper, curls a little bit before pulling back out. “Somehow still tight. I wonder how, considering how much you must sneak away to fuck yourself. It would be a crime not too, with how desperate you are to be filled.”

“I’m not. I’m not *desperate*.” George counters, feeling the finger slide in and out easily. There’s no burn, despite it having been a while since someone’s done this to him. His hole is too greedy for it, sucking Sapnap’s finger in. It’s hard not to lean back again, take it up to the knuckle at his own pace.

Sapnap scoffs, lining up his second finger and catching it on the rim before sliding in, just to be an asshole. A moan crawls up George’s throat, and he closes his mouth to make it quieter. Sapnap laughs at him as he gets both fingers all the way in. He curls them more, searching for George’s prostate. George’s entire back tightens in concentration, putting all of his focus in anticipating the burst of pleasure.

“Oh, big man, you gonna stay quiet when I find it?” Sapnap teases, turning his hand and stroking warm walls curiously. “Are you sure?”

“Yes--” George grits out, but right as he finishes the word, his brain whites out as Sapnap presses right into the bundle of nerves. He keeps a noise in, but he arches his back deeply, keeping the pressure right there as pleasure zips through his veins. Sapnap pulls his fingers out, and George tries not to collapse at the empty feeling.

“God, George. You drive me fucking crazy.” Sapnap says, that genuine wonder creeping back into his voice from earlier. One of George’s hands moves from his hair to covering his face, feeling embarrassed.

“Shut up.” He tries, and it just makes Sapnap laugh again. George turns to look at him when he hears the lube open again. The toy is slicked up in Sapnap’s hands and the youngest raises an eyebrow at him when they make eye contact.

“The first check in of many...” Sapnap promises, making George relax a little. “Are you ready?”

“Go for it.” George replies, taking a deep breath as he feels silicone nudge into his hole. It’s smaller than the width of Sapnap’s fingers, so it doesn’t hurt at all.

More carefully than necessary, Sapnap slides it in, nestling it against his prostate. It causes a lingering kind of pleasure that makes George a little nauseous. He already loves it.

“I’m gonna turn it on for a second, but we’ll keep it off for the car ride over, alright?”

George rolls his eyes and turns back to look at Sapnap like he's unamused, not sweating and out of breath. "You don't have to baby me, idiot, I can take i-" He's cut off as the toy moves to life, vibrations digging right into his prostate and making George let out a choked *ngh!* noise that would normally be very embarrassing.

"You wanna keep it on, then?" Sapnap teases, watching George's whole body shake on the bed. He turns it up with the remote, and George's mouth drops open in a silent scream. "We need to train you better, brat, your mouthing off is gonna get you into some serious trouble."

Hands scrambling on the bed sheets, trying desperately to hold onto something, something to ground him a little bit, George continues to shake silently.

"George? I asked you a question." Sapnap presses, slapping his hand onto George's ass and holding his hand there. The weight is heavy and hot, enough to get George to orient himself a little.

"Down, down." George says nonsensically, his fingers curling into fists. "T-turn it down *please*."

"Good manners, thank you." Sapnap replies with a smile, turning the vibrations down, then off completely.

George opens his eyes, unaware that he'd closed them, and stares at the wall as he starts to regain his senses. He can still feel the vibrator inside of him, nestled in his ass and just waiting to ruin him again. It adds a spike of adrenaline to his frazzled state of mind.

There's a moment of silence, all that can be heard is George catching his breath. If he listens carefully, he can hear how ragged Sapnap's own breathing is. It comforts him to know he's not the only one horny out of his mind right now. He shifts, turning and pointedly not sitting down. With his eyes no doubt glassy and dilated, he looks up at Sapnap standing over him and smiles.

"Help me get dressed?" He tilts his head to the side, making Sapnap curse under his breath.

"I know this was my idea, and while taking you out in public is a very sexy idea... But I am genuinely considering saying fuck all that and just fucking you right now." Sapnap says it very point blank, and George giggles. The older man reaches up to hold Sapnap's shoulders as he stands up.

His legs are shaking, and moving his body nudges the toy against his prostate in a way that makes his face twitch. Sapnap is looking at his face like he's committing every little movement to memory. He probably is, how prone to being lovestruck as he is.

Sapnap does focus on the task at hand, however, and helps George get himself dressed back up to normal. Once they're both presentable again, they walk out to the living room where Dream is sitting on the arm of the couch. The TV is off, and at the sound of the door opening, Dream stands up and stares at them with his hands fidgeting with his keys.

"I-I was listening." Dream blurts out instantly, making the other two laugh. The blonde grins at their reaction and rolls his eyes. "Fuck off, how could I not?"

"You're such a pervert." George teases, walking slowly across the room to press a kiss on his boyfriend's lips. "Are you thinking about it? Inside of me right now?"

Dream swallows and nods, looking down at George like he's made of gold.

From behind them, Sapnap clears his throat. "We're gonna be late if we don't leave, like, ten minutes ago."

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Dream drives, Sapnap sits in the passenger seat, and George sits in the back by himself. Music plays through the speaker, but George doesn't really hear it. He's feeling a little floaty, so he just watches the world pass through the window and tries not to think about the toy. Even moreso, he doesn't think about the remote in Sapnap's hand.

Sitting is better than standing or walking, he notices. Every once in a while a bump in the road or a quick stop makes him breathe out his nose a little harder than usual, but he keeps his composure enough to not draw attention from the men in the front. Sapnap has looked back at him a couple times, smiling softly at him to show he's there. It's nice, being looked after for once.

They arrive at the restaurant fifteen minutes late, which is not ideal, but also not the worst. George gets out of the car slowly, and trails behind Dream and Sapnap as they walk over to the host's desk. They're talking about something, but it doesn't seem like anything George needs to be paying

attention to. So he floats in his head, looking down at his feet while they're escorted to a table.

Dream hangs back as Sapnap has small talk with their waiter. He touches George's wrist lightly until the older man looks up at him.

"How are you feeling?" He asks gently, and George for a moment is lost in how big his pupils are. Green is swallowed by black, drawing George in a step closer.

"I'm fine," George replies, rolling his eyes when Dream continues to stare at him. "You two are acting like I'm a blushing virgin. Get over yourselves, I can handle a vibe."

It's true, he's experienced in the scene to the point where this is gonna be a fun flirty foreplay for some exciting new sex. Then they'll probably go back to normal and leave George taking it up the ass as something to joke about down the road. He doesn't need to be babied.

Dream has an interesting reaction. Instead of arguing, as George expects, he just gestures for the shorter man to get into the booth before him. George eyes him suspiciously, but sits regardless. Dream follows, sitting a couple inches away, and then wraps an arm around George's waist.

They usually aren't ones for public displays of affection. Considering there's three of them, and they tend to be competitive, they pretty much agree to keep their hands to themselves in public settings like this. Sapnap doesn't seem phased by the strange behaviour, though, so George relaxes back into the hold after picking up his menu.

All of the moving, especially scooching into the booth, has made George very poignantly aware of the toy pressed inside of him. When he's settled into his position, he sighs. Sapnap's eyes snap to him, but Dream continues reading his own menu.

"What?" George asks the youngest, a little abrasively. "If you ask me if I'm okay, I'll reach across the table and strangle you."

Sapnap closes his mouth into a smirk, and leans back as well. "Fine. Have an attitude."

He remembers his current position very quickly, and his eyes shoot back to the menu in his hands. Anticipation crawls up his arms as he waits for the vibrator to start going. It doesn't, though, and he looks back to Sapnap to find the other calmly unfolding his silverware. George swallows, and



puts his menu down.

“I’m probably gonna get one of the pizzas. The one with arugula and red onions looked good.” He says in what he hopes is a casual tone.

Dream nods, squinting at his own menu. “I was thinking pizza too, but I don’t know how I feel about the one with olives having vegan cheese.”

“You could probably just ask for regular cheese.” Sapnap says. “I kind of want soup. I haven’t had soup since that weird cold front we had back in February.”

“Soupnap.” Dream says with a giggle, causing the three of them to burst into a fit. They all share a laugh switch sometimes, especially when the situation doesn’t call for laughing at all.

Their waiter chooses that moment to come up, looking amused by three grown men trying not to howl in the middle of a restaurant.

“Are you guys ready to order?” He asks kindly, pulling out a notepad and a pen. Sapnap nods and orders for himself, then looks at George expectantly as the waiter jots down a note.

George opens his mouth, but no sound comes out as the toy inside of him bursts to life. He slams his hand down on the table, making Dream and the waiter both jump a little. “Sorry, Sapnap kicked me under the table.” George lies instantly, grinding his teeth as the vibrations roll through his body.

“You guys are so childish,” Dream says smugly, then turns to the waiter and informs him of both of their orders. The waiter doesn’t think much of it, and is soon on his way.

“Asshole.” George hisses, gripping the table until his knuckles turn white.

“Brat.” Sapnap says back.

Dream takes a sip of his water.

It's hard to focus on what Dream and Sapnap talk about next, because every time George gets used to the level of vibrations, Sapnap turns it up. He seems to be paying close attention to how George is replying, considering he can tell even though he's about three layers deep into a story Karl told him last week. It's quite impressive, and is one of the only reasons George hasn't chastised him for it.

Their waiter shows up with their food, and it takes all of George's concentration not to let his voice waver when the vibrator turns up, and Dream's warm fingers slip under his shirt. He leans into the blonde, practically against his will, just desperate for a little comfort as his brain turns into mush.

Whatever he was saying trails off, and Sapnap quickly finishes his thought with a nervous look. George glares at him, knowing it's his fault he's slipping. Dream's fingers rub at his skin in what he assumes Dream thinks is soothing. In reality, it's just making him feel even fuzzier.

Sapnap starts eating, but Dream is watching him carefully. He's not quite smiling, just looking over George's gently shaking form as he stares at his food.

"George," Dream speaks up into the silence.

George looks up at him, and for some reason, he feels like he might start crying. It's just so *much*, the nice sweet touch on his waist, the violent wracking of his insides, butterflies floating in his too-warm stomach. He can't even think about eating. The nauseous feeling from before comes back, and he looks up at Dream with tears in his eyes, begging him to understand.

"I think we're a little yellow, huh, Georgie?" Dream asks gently, watching George internally struggle with the concept. He's *never* tapped out of a scene before, never gotten close, but he's floating away from earth a little faster than anticipated.

"I'm fine." George manages to say, looking away from Dream and instead at a painting on the wall of the restaurant. "But I could use a break." He breathes out as he says it, sounding honest and high-strung.

Sapnap had been watching them carefully, not interrupting, but listening intently.

"Why don't you take George to the bathroom for a sec, Dream. I can pack stuff up to go and pay." The youngest says with a warm smile. George smiles back, a little weakly, feeling the toy get

switched off. He takes a deep breath, and watches Dream get up and start walking to the bathroom, hands in the pockets of his sweatshirt.

“He said take me, not abandon me!” George calls after the blonde, getting out of the booth much slower, and heading towards the bathrooms that hide in the back. Sapnap is chuckling as George awkwardly speed-walks away.

Dream takes pity on him soon enough, and waits outside the door to the private bathroom for George to catch up. There’s two bathrooms it seems, Gender Neutral and locked. Something in the back of George’s mind takes note of this, and when he slips into the room, he drags Dream along with him.

Pressing Dream against the door, George locks them in with a *click*. Dream is looking down at him, curiously fond, and only lets George kiss him for a couple of seconds before gently pushing him away.

“Can we validate your emotional wellbeing before you try to convince me to fuck you in public?” Dream asks against George’s mouth, who is pressing him more into the door like he’s not really listening.

“How did you know I was gonna ask?” George murmurs, trailing his lips down Dream’s neck and sucking the skin between his teeth teasingly. He knows Dream is going to crumble because he always does, especially under George. “How do I know you’re gonna say yes?”

Dream exhales shakily, and whimpers high in his throat as a response.

“Baby boy, don’t you wanna be good for me? Sapnap’s got the remote out of range, so we can take it out and you can replace it with your pretty cock without any hassle.” George’s hands grip Dream’s neck, squeezing and scratching enough to make the blonde melt against him.

“N-not exactly.” Dream replies, making George pull away and look at him with confusion. Even though he’s got his flushed and fucked out face on, body pressed against the locked door, Dream smirks and holds up the remote with the hand that had been hiding in his pocket.

“You little-” George starts to grit out, when for *third* time, in less than two hours, the vibrator turns on and renders him speechless. He presses his forehead into Dream’s chest, bottom lip between his teeth, and lets himself moan at the feeling. “*Fuck.*”

“I mean, I do very much want to fuck you right now.” Dream says, breathing still slightly laboured. He’s looking down at George all soft again, and George wants to slap him.

George grabs him by the jaw and looks up, eyes steeling despite how much he’s blushing. “Sapnap may be able to mouth off to me,” He swallows, chokes on another moan as the vibrations hit the maximum setting. “But *you* do not have those privileges. You’re my fucktoy at best, so when I tell you to get your cock out you *f-fucking do it* .”

Dream’s eyes get droopy fast, and he leans down to press his lips to George’s in a frenzied, starving kiss. His mouth opens immediately, and George slips his tongue in and moans as it slides against Dream’s.

A sudden bang shakes the door, causing them both to jump.

“Seven minutes in heaven is over, you degenerates. Get in the car.” Sapnap says sternly, voice floating through the wood of the door a little muffled. George’s grip on Dream’s neck flexes as he debates what to do, whether or not to give in.

“George...” Dream whispers, sounding whiny.

“*Now* .” Sapnap says with another bang.

George shoves Dream behind him and unlocks the door. It rips open, and he glares down Sapnap looking absolutely *murderous* . His hand that isn’t holding the door open is shaking like a leaf, and his hair is stuck to his forehead with sweat.

He stalks past the youngest, gives a sweet smile to the host at the front of the restaurant, and gets in the back seat of the car. The other two follow behind; Sapnap looking disappointed but unsurprised, and Dream looking guilty.

When the car jumps as it starts, George curls in on himself with a groan that almost sounds pained. Looking up, he sees Sapnap is holding the remote and quickly turns it down to the lowest setting. It’s almost worse.

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By the time they arrive in their driveway, George is curled up in the back seat with his hand between his legs, painfully hard and trembling. As soon as the car is parked, Sapnap and Dream whip open the doors and look into where George lays on his side, seatbelt off.

“How long has it been?” George asks, staring vacantly at the back of the seats of the car.

Sapnap checks his watch. “Since we put it in? Almost two hours.”

George chuckles darkly. “That’s fucking awesome.”

He sounds drunk, words slurring together something horrible. The smile on his face is enough to make Dream relax from his tightly wound position of being halfway inside the car, though, and he reaches out to George.

“Wanna go inside?” Dream asks gently, placing his hand on George’s thigh. The contact makes the older man shiver, but he gets up anyway.

Sapnap is already at the door, having unlocked it while Dream checked in. George hadn’t even noticed he’d walked away, he’s so out of it at this point. He blinks hard once he’s out of the car, and shoves Dream away when he tries to get him to lean on him.

“D-don’t be annoying.” He stutters, feeling the vibrator turn a setting up. Sapnap is smiling from inside of the house, still holding the remote in his hand like it isn’t the cause of all of George’s suffering.

“You,” George growls, stepping into the house and grabbing Sapnap by the collar of his shirt. The youngest is still smiling, and when Dream shuts the door behind them, he turns up the vibrator again just to watch George’s eyes roll back into his skull.

George tries again: “ *You* need to get that” he points behind himself to where Dream is hovering, “useless whore’s cock inside me in the next *five minutes* , or else I’m burning this house to the fucking *ground* . Understand?”

“Yes sir,” Sapnap says, grabbing George’s face and kissing him as he pulls them backwards towards his bedroom.

They stumble through the hall together, mouths sliding against each other sloppily. Once inside, George falls back onto the bed and pulls Sapnap on top of him. Sapnap grabs both of George’s thighs and brings their crotches flush together. It’s the first real contact George has had all day, and it makes his heart lurch so violently, he pulls away from the kiss and just pants against Sapnap’s mouth.

Dream crawls onto the bed and situates himself behind George, sitting on his calves he waits patiently with his head hooked over George’s shoulder. For being good, Sapnap kisses him while George catches his breath.

“Does my threat require repeating?” George huffs, getting a deep grind against him as an answer. One of Sapnap’s hands comes to press on his neck, just like earlier. Dream watches, interested and a little surprised.

“You’re not the one in charge, George, remember?” Sapnap says, his eyes dark and staring right through George. It makes him back off a little, but Dream being in the room this time makes him a little more stubborn about losing face. For now. “Don’t make me embarrass you in front of Dreamie.”

George rolls his eyes, but stays quiet. He knows it’s not an empty threat.

At the mention of his name, Dream picks his head up and looks between the two of them. “Can I fuck him now?”

“Do you deserve it?” Sapnap asks, just to see Dream look at George for approval.

“No, he’ll never deserve it.” George says coldly, using one hand to hold the blonde’s jaw again. He digs his fingertips in and listens to the way it makes Dream’s breath catch. “But I s-suppose I’ll allow it anyway.” His legs are shaking around Sapnap’s waist as the vibrator keeps buzzing.

“You *suppose* you’ll allow it?” Dream pipes up, ignoring the way his jaw is squeezed harder. “You were just practically *begging*-- ”

The grip releases, and George smacks him in the face as hard as he can. It doesn't really hurt, but it surprises Dream enough that he stops talking. Sapnap looks absolutely beside himself with joy. To celebrate, he takes his shirt off and tosses it to the side, causing a chain reaction of undressing.

As they're left naked, Sapnap switches the toy off and tosses the remote into their pile of clothing to be collected later. George takes another deep breath, and drops his head back onto Dream's chest.

Dream pulls George more onto the bed, and Sapnap joins them with his knees digging into the sheets, his hands holding George's weary thighs open. He admires the scene in front of him: George's cock absolutely *too red* against his alabaster stomach, a sheen of precum on the tip and sticking his skin together, his hole a little bit shiny from the leftover lube.

"Can I call you pretty, or will that make you mad?" Sapnap asks, picking up the bottle of lube from where it had fallen onto the floor.

"You can call me pretty." George says with a smirk, looking at Sapnap through his eyelashes as Dream whispers the word *gorgeous* into his neck. "Just work while you do it."

It's a fair trade, so Sapnap pokes his slick fingers to open George up again while he pets his stomach and whispers sweet words into whatever skin he can kiss. His fingers grasp the toy and he pulls it out slowly, part of him wishing it was still on so he could feel George's walls shake around him. Maybe fuck George with the toy still going off inside...

"Hey," George says, his coy smile slipping as he's left empty for the first time in hours. "Get out of the gutter."

Sapnap claws a scratch from the top of George's chest, over his nipple, and down his stomach. The older man hisses, and arches his back.

"Apologize." Sapnap groans, digging his teeth into George's upper thigh hard enough to make him whine.

"Absolutely not." He barely manages to say, gasping as another deep bite opens his skin.

"Dream?"

George tenses as he's picked up from behind, pulled closer to Dream. He can feel the other's cock hard and leaking against his lower back, hot and heavy and *big* . That's going to be inside him soon, the thought makes George's mouth fill with drool.

"Should I add more lube?" Dream asks Sapnap, not George. It makes George angry, but he can't think to say anything after how Sapnap replies.

"Nah, a slut like him can take anything."

It hits George like a slap, and every muscle in his body relaxes as he's picked up again, and Dream presses the head of his cock against his used hole. He doesn't fight it, just keeps himself relaxed as he's filled. Dream goes slowly, thankfully, and George savours every second of the burn that sets fire to his deepest layer of skin.

"Oh, *fuck* ." George moans as Dream is fully seated. The blonde isn't faring much better, panting against George's neck wetly.

"You're so fucking tight, George." Dream whispers, which just makes George give in more.

Sapnap is jerking off in front of them, watching like a hawk. His hand moves slowly, squeezing himself from base to tip and playing with the head gently as Dream starts to move. George blearily opens his eyes as he's held in place and fucked into, looking right at Sapnap as he gets off to it.

"Tell me I'm pretty." George slurs, gasping when Dream speeds up.

"You're a pretty little thing, Georgie, such a good whore for Dream to use." Sapnap says sweetly, picking up the pace of his own tugs.

"I'm not... A whore... *Dream*."

"Yes you are, baby, it's okay." Sapnap continues, smiling cockily as George's eyes slip shut, Dream's hand reaching around to jerk him off in time with his thrusts. "Be honest. Tell Dream what a dirty whore you are deep down, how you're just a *brat* that needs to be fucked into submission."



“I’m...” George starts, then stops to lick his dry lips. Dream is whining quietly as he gets close, his hips snapping forward and punching the breath out of George each time. “I’m your whore, fuck, I’m a *brat* .”

Dream cums inside him when the last word is spit out, drenched in disgust. His thrusts stutter, so he speeds up the hand on George’s cock until he’s got his mouth open and his face scrunched up from the pleasure.

“Good boy.” Sapnap replies, cumming onto Dream’s hand and George’s cock, slicking up the process as he whispers curses from the feeling. “C’mon George, I know you’re close.”

George is very close, and the feeling of hot cum sliding on his dick pushes him over the edge. His whole body shakes with the intensity of it, and Dream pulls out as he comes down.

He’s held close to Dream’s chest, staying silent as his cotton-filled brain processes Sapnap leaving, Dream rubbing his arms soothingly, Sapnap coming back with water.

“You’re gonna drink some water while I clean you up, okay?” Sapnap asks, getting back on the bed and pushing the glass of water to George’s lips. The older man takes it in both hands, and watches the liquid slosh around as his trembling self drinks it slowly.

Dream whispers in his ear how good he did, and George is tired enough to accept the praise. He lets it sink in, feels the floatiness fade as Sapnap wipes down his stomach and legs. Once he’s clean, he hands the empty glass to the youngest and smiles sleepily.

“Thank you, baby.” He says softly.

“Thank *you*, George.” Sapnap replies, getting comfy next to him and pressing kisses to his shoulder. “That was amazing.”

“Mhmm,” Dream helpfully replies, giving a matching shoulder kiss on the other side.

George makes to lay down completely in the sticky sheets, ignoring the fact that they should wash them first. Dream is obviously about to mention that, but he’s hushed and pulled down to cuddle

instead.

“Next time I’ve got you two on your knees,” George warns, his voice scratchy as he drifts off to sleep, “You’re fucking dead meat.”

## End Notes

alright i wrote the first 2.5k in one sitting and then EVERYTHING ELSE TODAY. if there are typos, thats between me and god.

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